

Ruby and Platnum

by Takahashi Nana

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Summary: Akashi Seijuurou is going through a rough time due to some issues with his family, and Furihata Kouki wants to help him and be there for him. Eventually, he decides that nothing could say commitment more than a wedding ring.

Ruby and Platnum

****QAQ** Why did this story turn out to be so looooong? I kinda rushed this, since I have three large exams coming up, so I'm sorry if this was horrible and not up to standard. But i tried my best :3 so please enjoy!**

Kouki is pacing frantically around his college dorm, flipping open blankets and jumping into various awkward kneeling positions in the wake of his hysteria. Brown eyes enlarge - even more so than usual - into an expression of utter and complete desperation as they search for the little felt box that contains the most expensive thing he ever owned.

Well, he can't really say that it's the most expensive thing HE ever owned, since he bought it to be given to someone else.

Yes, you guessed it - it's jewelry. A platinum ring embedded with two one-carat rubies, to be exact. It had cost him a hundred and twenty thousand yen, and Kouki had worked four part-time jobs to save up for it - but when he saw that ring in the jewelry store he knew that it would be perfect for Seijuurou. Kouki had to sacrifice his health and just a little bit of his grades for it, but just imagining the redhead's joy when he would receive it made all these months, all these countless hours of hard work worth it.

And now he can't find it.

Tears fall as the brunette looks beneath the bed, for the fifteenth

time, to no avail. He had just purchased the ring yesterday, and is planning to get down on one knee and give it to his red-haired boyfriend today after a fancy dinner, but...but...but now he can't find it. Where the hell did it go? How could it have disappeared like that?

Kouki looked behind the nightstand for the twentieth time, in the drawers for the thirtieth time, and between the nightstand and the bed for the fortieth time, all to no avail. That is when tears swallow up his logical mind and the brunette, right in the middle of the room, falls onto his knees and breaks down into a sob.

Great, he looked everywhere and the ring seemed to have disappeared into thin air. Did some thief come after he fell asleep? Did his roommate, Fukuda, steal it to give it to his boyfriend, Kawahara, instead? No, no, no...W-what is he supposed to do at the dinner? He can't not go, since he promised Sei (and the last thing Sei needs is another person breaking their promise to him), but Kouki can't eat some expensive meal while his boyfriend chewed himself up inside about not being able to pay for it like he used to.

The Akashi family was involved in a large underground scandal and Seijuurou's father, as well as most of his adult family members, were arrested for Money laundering and prostitution a month ago-that's what they were arrested for, but apparently they had done much worse, according to Seijuurou-basically just really disgusting things that Kouki can't associate with his boyfriend. Fortunately (Or perhaps unfortunately), Seijuurou didn't know about this business so he wasn't thrown into jail, but this event had greatly damaged his family's reputation and, as a result, his financial prospects: 90% of Akashi's investors had asked for their money back, (since no one wants to work with a stained company) and to state it modestly that wasn't a small, or even affordable, amount of money for Seijuurou to lose.

His fellow businessmen have also been trying everything they can to eliminate a strong competition and Seijuurou, as the only person of the Akashi standing now, had to defend his family which involved dealing with the media and paying court fees and hiring lawyers and...none of these comes cheap.

Soon, the once filthy-rich heir of the Akashi family fell into debt and is now frequently seen on TV as an example of all that is disgusting about the world. Of course, Kouki never doubted his boyfriend's innocence and all of this hasn't strained his love for Sei in the slightest-it fact, this difficulty made him just that much more devoted to his boyfriend-but it was hard for the brunette to so helplessly look on as his love's beautiful, gorgeous eyes dulled with each beating upon his pride, to not be able to do anything other than silently hold his hand as he cruelly fell from heaven's favor-

To do nothing as this world annihilated his lover's self-worth.

Kouki loves Seijuurou, but he's not sure that Seijuurou knows that. With each passing day, the poisonous emotion of doubt grew in Seijuurou's eyes. If you looked at him now, you wouldn't believe that he had once confidently declared that he is the king and the absolute, that he had once been the pillar of Kouki's life; Glowing, pale skin that had charmed the pants off of Kouki faded into a sickly

yellow, and the ruby irises that had looked upon the brunette with unfazed adoration had receded to a bloodshot red that avoided him whenever possible. When they did look at him, they were filled with something else, a sense of fear that he is no longer good enough for Kouki.

It was a feeling Furihata Kouki knew way too well-it had nipped upon his soul, and now he is watching it chew Sei up in the same way. All he wanted to do was to kiss this poisonous substance away, but his stupid mouth just isn't good with words and only seemed to exacerbate Sei's pain when all he wanted was to wash it away. Eventually, Kouki decided that the best way to show Sei that he cares would be through actions and not words. After all, what could say commitment more than a wedding ring?

But he can't find said wedding ring right now.

The brunette tried to take a deep breath through his tears. Okay, he asked himself, Kouki, where did you leave it? The last time you saw it was yesterday evening, before you went to sleep, right? You were so nervous about today, and you were fidgeting and rolling around on the bed, right? You left the ring on the nightstand, could you have knocked it over with your blanket?

No...you checked under the bed several times...

Kouki grabs at his hair, still sitting in a washed out t-shirt, the shining suit he's planning to wear haphazardly disposed on the side. Oh god, he can't lose it, not now, not after he had spent all that money, not when he's going to meet Seijuurou in a couple of minutes...

The brunette groans as he looks at the watch sitting on his right wrist, a gift from Sei some years ago. The needles points at 4:00, and it takes about an hour to get to their location. Sighing to himself, Kouki decides that, ring or not, he would have to go to dinner with Sei first. "Maybe I'll look for it a bit more after I get back," he thinks to himself, "And if I can't I'll get the campus police or something."

He slips on a white dress shirt and puts on his suit, a simple (but apparently elegant, according to Sei) pair of black jacket and pants. As he walks to the exit to put his shoes on, he grabs his coat and feels a hard object in the pocket. Taking out the object to get a better look at it, Kouki burst out laughing.

What was he worrying about? Of course he had hid the ring in his coat pocket before the big day, being the worrywart that he is. Flipping open the box, Kouki looked at the ring one more time.

It is as perfect as he remembered it being.

And he put the box back into his pocket and put on his shoes.

Akashi Seijuurou feels hot, and not in a good way; it's April, and he's shrouded in a hat, sunglasses, and scarf, for god's sake. Everyone that passed by is looking at him weirdly, and some kids even dare to point at him and whisper "weirdo".

Standing against the wall of the restaurant, Seijuurou wanted to

shrink from all the attention. Well, he supposes that's one thing this ridiculous getup does-It shields him from the piercing gazes of everyone, and even though everyone's looking at him, no one knows that he's Akashi Seijuurou, doesn't see his red hair and his heterochromatic eyes-They just think that he's a weird and, perhaps, slightly masochistic guy.

That does perfectly fine with him. Sighing, Seijuurou looks at his cellphone to check the time.

4:55.

Kouki promised him that he would be here at 5, but it's five minutes before and still not even a shadow of him. Seijuurou stands up a bit to see better, only to further reaffirm his previous observation. Sighing again, the redhead settles into his feet and decides to look at the restaurant instead.

A large neon sign blinks "Tokyo's best diner" above him, and Seijuurou reckons that must be true, since there appears to be an endless stream of customers that are going into the restaurant; if Kouki didn't hold a reservation, he would be severely worried about not being able to get a seat here. The place is nicely decorated with golden, crisp mini-chandeliers hanging from the ceilings, and the rose-colored napkins were folded into artistic shapes; Waiters skittered about in white and black uniforms, and Seijuurou smiles.

You sure you can pay for this? Some part of his mind has to sneer, turning Seijuurou's smile upside down.

Shut up, he said, Kouki and I'll each pay half.

Pssh, like you have money to pay, Mr.
One-Million-Yen-In-Debt.

Akashi tries to shake that thought away as he looked at his phone again. "4:58", he mutters, "Kouki should be here, why isn't he?"

I mean, he's not surprised that Kouki isn't as close to him as he used to be (since Kouki's been busy and Akashi's dealing with all the...stuff about his family), but if he didn't want to talk to Seijuurou anymore, he could have just ignored him and their relationship would have fell apart naturally, why go through all the trouble to invite him to dinner only to stand him up?

Kouki's not that mean, he tried to reason, he's just late.

Are you sure?

Fuck you, Akashi Seijuurou hisses, he's just late. Wait for him a bit more-He turned his head down to look at his cellphone again-4:59, any time now.

Letting out a puff of air he didn't know he was holding in, Seijuurou closes his eyes against the wall. As he cuts off his pathway for visual information, his auditory receptors seem to perk up and work overtime, taking in every sound. It's relaxing, almost calming, the way the car horns beep against the crowded buzz that characterizes the blurry periphery of afternoon and night. This combination of

noise reminds him that he's alive and in Tokyo, and he'll be lying if he said he didn't miss this while he lived in Kyoto.

A voice stands out against the crowd; "Sei!"

Ah, there he is.

Akashi opens his eyes. He takes one last look at his phone-5:01 PM, April 12th- and lifts up his head to greet a slightly frazzled brunette. "Hello, Kouki." He smiles, "You look lovely, as always."

"Sorry for being late! A-a little accident happened and-"

"I know, I know." Seijuurou grins, "You wouldn't stand me up."

The brunette's face softens at those words before his voice, unexpectedly, breaks out in a snicker. The redhead frowns, and briefly wonders what he did wrong before words slip out of Kouki's mouth, perhaps against his better wishes, and causes Seijuurou to only half-jokingly punch his gut:

"You look stupid in that outfit." Kouki snickers.

"Shut up, Kouki."

"You know that it's true." Kouki laughs, "Come on, let's go into the restaurant and take that off."

"Kouki." Seijuurou takes his glasses off momentarily, "You know I can't."

"What?"

"Kouki." Ruby eyes stare straight into chocolate before he puts them back on "You know why I can't."

"...Oh." Kouki's eyes turn down, and guilt eats Seijuurou up inside. It's not like he can't understand Kouki-after all, everyone wants to see their beloved's face while they have dinner, and Kouki probably just wanted to forget all this trouble that he dragged him into and pretend that they were still a normal couple. Unfortunately, they are not a normal couple and Seijuurou would have to keep his ridiculous hat and sunglasses on as they eat .

-he could take the scarf off, though. As they walked in and checked their reservation (made under Kouki's name, of course), ruby eyes caught chocolate before they both turned to follow the waiter. Kouki walked in front of him, putting one leg ahead of the other, and Akashi mused about his boyfriend.

Well, boyfriend.

Seijuurou was planning to propose to him the day the scandal about his family came out, even had a ring made of platinum and smokey citrine-the best of the best- in his pocket. But as fate would allow, all this...stuff about his family would come out and he would have to work to clean up a mess he wasn't even a part of.

The golden lights shine above them, and Seijuurou slides his hand

into his coat pocket to touch the felt box that contained the ring-Yes, he has the ring in his pocket right now. He had fantasized about giving it to Kouki on one knee after the dinner, but Seijuurou had to wonder-would Kouki accept? After all, with all this mess surrounding him Seijuurou wouldn't be surprised if Kouki wanted to break up with him. Kouki's not the type to reject a marriage proposal, but Seijuurou doesn't want to guilt him into a lifelong commitment-he loves him too much.

"Please sit here." The waiter says as he pulls out two chairs, taking a look at Seijuurou before turning a fresh page in his little notebook, "Would you two like some drinks?"

"Water's fine." Kouki replies, and the waiter leaves with a nod.

For a while after the waiter left, both of them just look at the menu (or contemplated whether to propose or not, in Seijuurou's case), strangely quiet in this glittering room of chatter and modern-sounding jazz music. Occasionally, one of them lifted their head to talk to the other, only to see them buried in the menu. This isn't unusual, since Kouki's not the type to insinuate a conversation and Seijuurou's not always a chatty person. Understanding silence was a big part of their relationship.

However, tonight this silent is plain out awkward. Carefully, Seijuurou decides to break it. "... How have you been?" He asks.

And Kouki almost-no, definitely-thankfully looks up at him. Lips flutter a little too eagerly, jumping into conversation before his mind is really ready: "Good! I've started a couple new jobs, so I've been a little busy in addition to the classes." He blurts out, "And my since it's my last year, my thesis-"

"Hold on there, a couple of jobs?" Seijuurou interrupts incredulously, eyebrows crinkling "so that's why you were so busy?"

"W-well, I want to get some experience and extra spending money." Kouki chuckles, and you can't possibly understand how much Seijuurou wants to flick Kouki's forehead at that moment and tell him that he'll give him all the spending money you'll ever need.

Then, of course, the reality of his situation hits him in the face, again, and he opts to stay silent, resuming the somewhat less unpleasant silence. Soon, their waiter comes back from his other customer, takes another weird look at Seijuurou, and asks for their order.

Kouki asks for an omelette and Seijuurou orders Tofu Soup and Rice. As the outsider leaves, Seijuurou asks, attempting to ignite the conversation: "Why do you need all those jobs? Aren't you tired? I would think that you want to rest after a long day."

"He he he." Kouki giggles, "it's a secret."

"Oh, really?"

"Y-ep! I'll tell you after dinner, though!"

Seijuurou raises an amused eyebrow as Kouki laughs. "A little

surprise, aren't we?" He snorts, "fine, I can wait."

The meal is pretty good, if you ask Seijuurou. The tofu soup is not heavily salted like some others he had seen and tastes, and the omelette (yes, he snuck a bite of Kouki's food-deal with it) is perfectly cooked. While he eats, Kouki's talking about some weird guy from his school, and Seijuurou can't help but smile because he looks so. darn. cute.

"Seriously, I can't believe that guy fainted because he saw a girl's underwear!" Kouki exasperates, "I mean, how sheltered do you have to be?"

Seijuurou hums.

"But once again, Midorima would do that, wouldn't he?"

And..the redhead almost spits out his food. "Kouki." He scolds, still coughing out food from his airway, "Be careful of what you say next time."

"Ehh?"

"Midorima Shintarou has a younger sister."

"And...?"

"He does his laundry as well as hers."

Kouki's face scrunches up in an expression of "what the hell" : "So he washes her underwear?"

"Well, not really." Seijuurou says, "But he's seen female underwear and would 1. not faint at the sight of them and 2, probably, punch the hell out of anyone who does that."

"ahh." Kouki's face relaxes, but then scrunches up again: "Midorima doesn't look like the type to punch people, though."

"I'm sure Takao would disagree with that."

"No, no, no! He just made Takao pull him in a rickshaw all throughout high school...he didn't punch him!"

"Sure, sure." Seijuurou puts his chopsticks down, "Does Takao still do that? Drive Midorima to work?"

"I'm afraid he never liked me much." Kouki sighs, "But according to Kuroko, yes."

Seijuurou wipes his mouth. "Oh, that reminds me." he inquires, "How are Kuroko and Kagami doing?"

And Kouki rolls his eyes. "Oh them. Look at this picture." he flips out his phone, gliding his thumb across the screen to unlock it, "here. It's taken in America"

Seijuurou wipes his hands as well and reaches over the table to look at the phone. He immediately bursts out in a genuine smile as he looks at it-the background looks like a highly decorated venue, and

Kuroko and Kagami were both dressed in fancy suits, matching rings glittering ostentaciously against the slightly bad lighting. The blue-haired man held a bouquet, and the redhead held a "HAPPILY MARRIED" sign in one hand and wrapped the other around Kuroko's shoulder.

"Now isn't that cute." Seijuurou laughs.

"Are you guys enjoying your meal?" Their waiter pops out of...nowhere, and both Seijuurou and Kouki jumps back at the unexpected appearance. The brunette politely wiped his mouth as the waiter blinked, rather cluelessly, and awkwardly stood there with a smile on his face. Seijuurou sighed.

"We're fine, thank you."

"That's good!" The waiter cheerfully replied, "anything I can bring you?"

"No, we're good here."

"Alright, enjoy your meal!"

The waiter leaves again, and Seijuurou decides to start the conversation this time: "Are you sure you don't want to tell me why you're working so many jobs, Kouki?"

"Hmm, nope!"

The redhead sighs: "Since when did you get so cheeky?"

"You didn't know that I had been always like this?" Kouki pffts, "Sure, Sei. Sure. Anyway, how are you doing Sei?"

Akashi's eyes float to a painting that hung across from him, dark and conspicuous against the white walls. "Funny you should ask that." he replies, "It's kinda the same as it had been for the past few weeks"

"... Did nothing get better?"

"Yeah, Same old rivals, same old reporters, same old house raids to make sure that I'm 'really innocent'."

"Really? Because everyone that I talked to at work say that they don't really care about this...stuff anymore." Kouki says, "They all think you're innocent."

The painted depicts a seemingly impoverished mother putting her child into a basket by the river, the child's giddy face contrasting sharply against the mother's tearful visage. "Thanks for telling me that," Seijuurou smiles, "But it's far from over-I still have to rebuild my family's reputation, which would take a really big charity event and...god, I shouldn't be complaining to you about this. You're probably sick of this, aren't you?"

Kouki's eyes go wide. "Of course not!" He exclaims perhaps a little too loudly, "You know that I'm going to support you, no matter what happens, right?"

"Shh." The redhaired man presses a shaky finger against the brunette's lips, "volume, but of course. Thanks, Kouki."

He lets out an almost genuine smile-Almost genuine, because Seijuurou can't be sure that Kouki actually means it, standing by him no matter what happens and whatnot. That boy's too nice for his own good, and he would never tell it to Seijuurou outright if he doesn't want to be with him anymore. After all, a lot of people he loved (and had thought loved him) ceased contact with him after the scandal with his family. It's not like Seijuurou can't understand why or blames them for it-after all, no one wants to be associated with all the trouble. He hasn't really minded, and settled for just acknowledging them with a dull ache-

But for some reason, the thought of Kouki leaving him just hurts so much.

Propose to him, a voice in his head said, guilt him into a lifelong commitment with you.

Ahh, Seijuurou muses as he looks at the painting again, that mother is so kind, letting the child go so that he can find a better life away from her. It couldn't be easy, cutting a bond that dear and that thick, but the river is painted with vivid, strong colors, which could, perhaps, signify a better future for the child.

"You know, aren't you a little tired?" Seijuurou asks, "Of th-of everything?"

Kouki frowns. "What are you talking about, Sei?"

"I'm talking about...this." Seijuurou points to the pair of glasses that's still sitting on his face and darkening everything in his sight, "I can't even appear in Public without a disguise, in fear that some self-righteous guy would beat me up over what my dad did, and my company is in debt, and just...everything..."

"Sei..."Kouki whispers, soft fingers reaching over to touch pale cheeks.

Seijuurou shakes his head and gently pushes the fingers away. "I...I..." he mutters, "I've been trying so hard to get back on track, to keep myself going."

"And you're doing great, Sei."

A dry chuckle. "No I'm not doing a great job, Kouki. I'm a million yen in debt, and..."

"Look, Sei. That's not a lot. You have handled bigger deals than that."

Seijuurou would have continued with something about him not being able to find any business deals now, but Kouki shushed him before he could open his mouth: "Look at me." the brunette orders, and...Kouki actually ordered Seijuurou to do something. Seijuurou can't disobey him when he does that, and lifts his head up in obedience. As he does so, his boyfriend sits across him with crossed arms and a sad smile.

"Good." He sighs, "You're too hard on yourself. You're gonna be fine, and everything will soon pass."

And Seijuurou sobs, subconsciously hoping that Kouki wouldn't be angry as his perfectly fine hand was stained with the bodily fluids of another male, and just cries like he hasn't cried in 50 years. For some reason, when he's in front of Kouki and when Kouki's touching his skin, he loses his ability to hold his tears even though Kouki's the one person he doesn't want to cry in front of.

He just cries and cries, willingly ignoring everything around him except for Kouki's skin. "If you want to break up with me, that's fine, Kouki." He says.

A pause, and then comes Kouki's incredulous voice. "What? That's ridiculous!" the brunette exasperates, "You know I love you more than anything."

And Seijuurou laughs a breathless laugh through his tears. "Y-yeah, I thought so too," he admits, "but all this mess, this stuff-"

"Sei, just call it shit."

"N-no, I shouldn't."

"No one will hear you aside from me."

"A-all this SHIT has beaten me up so much and...I, I just don't know what to do anymore..."

"Everything will be alright, Sei."

Against Seijuurou's very slight protest, Kouki took off his sunglasses. His boyfriend's vulnerable expression now laid bare before him, Kouki wipes away tears Seijuurou didn't want to know he shed and, laying against Kouki's hand, Seijuurou felt like a petulant child. "How do you know?" he found himself asking, "It just feels like nothing's working, and I'm just struggling so much to live and..."

"I know, I know." Kouki affirms.

"I feel like a failure."

"Akashi Seijuurou," Kouki says seriously, "You are the most perfect, amazing human being I ever had the honour of knowing. You are kind, intelligent, and strong-most other people won't even be alive if they went through what you did, and look at you, still going strong. Who cares if you're one million or two million or ten million yen in debt? I know you are more than capable of paying that back and rising from this shitty situation."

"I...I just wanted to protect you."

"You have protected me just fine. No reporters have knocked on my door yet, so I guess they don't know about you and me." Of course they don't-Seijuurou has gone through a lot of effort to make sure of that. "I love you, Sei, and I want-no, I will protect you the same way you have protected me. From now on, whatever weakness you have, you can show them to me. I want to be together with you, to be your

partner in this long life."

He pulls something out from his pocket, and Seijuurou gasps.

"No, Kouki, you didn't-"

Kouki flips open the box and Seijuurou gasps again: It is an utterly beautiful, expensive-looking ruby ring. Kouki, seeing his joy, asks with a smile: "Will you marry me, Akashi Seijuurou?"

"Are you sure-"

"Yes. Do you want to marry me, Sei?"

"Y-yes." He shakily laughs, "Yes, I will marry you, Kouki."

Kouki's eyes light up, and he breaks out in cheery laughter too as he puts the ring on Seijuurou's ring finger. And, even though the previous round of tears still haven't dried from his face, Seijuurou feels like crying again sitting at the table. The joy in his heart is so great, so big that he feels like going insane, like running ten, no, a hundred laps around the restaurant-he finally understands why girls look so happy when they get proposed to. Angels ring in his ears, and he almost forgets-

"O-oh, Kouki." He interrupts Kouki's happy ramblings, "I-I have something for you too."

The brunette blinks with flushed cheeks. "W-What is it, Sei?"

He takes out his ring and, hands shaking and wobbling like mad, he manages to open it for Kouki. Nervously clearing out his throat, he asks: "Furihata Kouki, will you marry-"

"OF COURSE!" Kouki jumps up and envelops Seijuurou in a hug, "O-of course I will marry you!"

"Yay~"

Both of them turn their heads back in the midst of their joy to stare at the origin of the voice and, of course, it is their waiter doing a tiny finger-clapping thing. "Congratulations, guys!" the male says, "I hope you guys the best!"

The newly engaged duo looks at each other, and laughs. "Thanks." Kouki giggles.

"Yeah! But-even though you two just got engaged, you still have to pay."

"...Don't talk like we won't."

"...Just making sure."

...I stayed up late three nights in a row to finish this, but I really just wanted to write something for AkaFuri day ;-; I really hope you liked it. If you have any comments, criticisms, or suggestions please don't be afraid to leave a review!

Thank you for reading my humble fanfiction!

End
file.